#### BELLE STARR.

Career of the Most Notorious Female

in the Southwest.

A Terror With Her Rifle, Who Feared Outlaw, Robber and Murderess Nobody, and Was Obeyed by Other Desperadoes.

Exploring a Rattlesnake's Den No Man Had the Courage to Enter--Her Cowardly Murder From Ambush.

Fort Smith, Ark, Special: In point of an abounding criminality and all-pervadng lawlessness, there is no spot in the Wnited States to day more renowned than he neighborhood of Eufaula, Creek Naion, I. T., the home of that notorious female outlaw, Belle Starr, who was recently murdered in cold blood. Every house, every country roud, every hill and mountain in this wild country seems to be blood-stained. Its nearness to the moun tains, flanked on two sides by the Cherokee and Choctaw Nations, with the muddy Canadian flowing between, and the wild unoccupied homes of the Pottawatomies and Kickapoos beyond, gives Eufaula natural environments conducive to every known form of outlawry. The wooded hills north and south furnish hiding places for many a criminal from the states, whose capture is thus made impossible, and even did the law permit, there are few officers who dare penetrate this neighborhood with its hideous record.

The last attempt made to effect arrests in he Eufaula neighborhood was headed by Deputy United States Marshal Phillips and Deputy United States Marshai Phillips and a posse four months ago. Their arrival in this murderous locality was greeted by an Indian "Tu-al-is-to," or green corn dance, in which "medicine" and whiskey, well mixed, put the imbibers in good fighting trim and made it exceedingly dangerous for the officers. Phillips wisely camped outside the town, fearing trouble, but soon the crowd of drunken Creeks and half-breeds detected his hiding place, and a pitched battle at once began. At the first sign of trouble Phillips' entire posse fled deaving him and young Whitson to fight against terrible odds. Almost the first shot fired laid Phillips low with a builet in his brain, but the boy Whitson died hard and shot his man five times before he himself fell, bleeding from a dozen wounds. The Indians fought tike wild men, and after Phillips was killed they shot his horse, riffed his camp and chased the remainder of his posse for seventy miles.

GOVERNMENT OFFICKES DEFIED.

GOVERNMENT OFFICERS DEFIED. A brother of the man whom Whitson killed, named Barnett, ran across a man named McIntosh, whom he accused of bringing the officers there, and another fight began, in which McIntosh was shot in the arm and leg and barely escaped with his life. The government offered a reward of \$500 fos the arrest of the murderers, but a present it would take more than that the of \$500 fos the arrest of the murderers, but at present it would take more than that to got an officer into the neighborhood. The bodies of these victims were hastily shoved into a rude hole in the ground by a negro, the peaceable persons thereabouts being too badly frightened to give them decent burial. One of the prominent and influential white men living in that vicinity told The World correspondent that after Whitson was shot he lay for twelve hours on the ground and slowly bled to death, because it was as much as one's life was worth to go near the spot.

worth to go near the spot.

Fresh from the scene of Quantreil's cele-france raids, her young blood afire with re-vengeful threats against the despoilers of her home—Belle Starr—then Myra Shirley, rode into this criminal nest soon after the war closed. She found it duli and tedious it was not nearly as bloody a country then as now, and the desperate white characters

was not nearly as bloody a country then as now, and the desperate white characters whe now infest it were then living in comparative freedom in the states, unmolested by the westward course of empire. Accustemed to riding at mad speed beside the guerillas of Missouri and the jayhawkers of Kansas, the romantic girl found little pleasure in staring groups of natives who eyed her with mixed awe and apprehension, so she lost no time in mounting her broncho and riding back to the scenes of her former home. The James and Younger gangs were then at the apex of their notoriety, and they welcomed the young adventuress as a valuable addition to their lawiess band. She could face any danger, ride any mustang, shoot with unerring accuracy, and was an expert in the many other little accomplishments necessary to the life of the border rufflan. It was her greatest delight to go abroad with them, dressed as a man, and in all probability she figured conspicuously in each of the train robberies and town raidings that have made memorable these famous law-breakers. She remained with them until late in 1879, when the country became too hot for her companions, and every raid was attended with a greater risk. She had been living during these days with Cole Younger, now in the Stillwater penitentiary, and by him she had one daughter named Pearl Younger. The scenes of violence and bloodshed amid which this child was born brought a new and tender sentiment to the mother's heart that never wavered in its love for the child, and for the rest of their lives whatever guit stained their hands these two hearts remained constant in their devotion. The father was soon arrested, hemmed in by convincing evidence, and sent to the

hearts remained constant in their devotion. The father was soon arrested, hemmed in by convincing evidence, and sent to the penitentiary at Stillwater, where he probably never again thought of the woman or the babe. Late in 1879 Belle Starr (then Belle Younger) left Missouri, crossed the Indian Territory on horseback with her baby in her arms, and went to her father's new home at Siene, Dallas county, Texas. HER IMPREGNABLE MOUNTAIN HOME.

She had often stated to the World correspondent that the maternal duties and obligations at this point of her life, added to her great love for the girl, created a resolve to quit her wayward career and educate the child into paths of rectitude. But the stream of her romantic nature would the stream of her romantic nature would not turn backward. She grew restless, im-patient, shocked her father's neighborhood patient, shocked her father's neighborhood with a few gross improprieties, and finally went into the Creek Nation, where she built herself a home and remained up to the time of her cowardly assassination. This new home was situated on the bank of the Canadian river, about six miles below Eufaula. There are no roads leading to it, for the rude hut is built in an impregnable crevice, where one would almost stumble against it before seeing tt. Belle used to boast that she never came or went used to boast that she never came or went by the same route, and even her best friends in and about Eufaula could not find the way to the home of the famous woman. She told them that her home was her cas-tle, and warned them not to attempt to find

The World correspondent, in company with her husband, Bill July, alias Jim Starr, visited this house after the murder. Upon leaving the main road the path becomes gradually narrower and more intricate, and finally stops at the base of a steep hill. Horses were then aband-ned and a hand-to-hand tussle followed with briers, sapplings and a dense undergrowth of chaparral.

Between this hill and the cabin is a deep

Between this hill and the cabin is a deep cave, forty feet down straight on all sides, where one of the most extraordinary and hemous crimes ever committed in the terri-tory took place in April, 1882, while Belle

tin Joseph, alias "Bully Josey," a Chicka-saw Indian negro with a villainous reputa-tion, ably sustained by every alignment of his body, assaulted and murdered a white his body, assaulted and murdered a white woman named Stephens. Some days before the murder Josey induced the woman's husband to go into the brush with him. Hardly had they plunged into the dense thicket when Josey murdered Stephens in cold blood, leaving his body uncared for on the ground. This fiend incarnate then returned to Stephens's house and told Mrs. Stephens her husband was sick in the mountain and wanted her assistance. The good woman suspected no wrong, put h-r baby to sleep, took some simple household remedies in her hands and accompanied the scoundrel to this secluded spot, where he murdered her and threw the poor woman's dead body into his care.

and was found by some Texas travellers nearly a month later. In a year or so Belle returned from Texas, and, learning nearly a month later. In a year or so Belle returned from Texas, and, learning of the ghastly murder, she organized a searching party to look for the remains and fasten the guilt where it belonged. Steven's body was found first, and finally the searching party, headed by Belle herself, came to the cave. A rough windlass was constructed and a man lowered into a spot where no human eye had ever penetrated. Suddenly those above him heard him shout as if in great terror, beseeching them to haul him up quickly, and once upon terra firma the poor fellow was speechiess with fright. He shally managed to tell them that the cave was filled, bottom and sides, with rattlesnakes; that he had been on the very edge of a nest of thousands of them; that they had rattled and hissed in his very ears, and that all the rewards in Christendom would never induce him to enter the place again. Naturally enough, his companions shuddered at this description and not a man among them would have gone into the cave if his life depended on it. epended on it. Belle was the first to act.

depended on it.

Belle was the first to act.

She fastened the rope around her waist and in reply to the astonished looks of the party this intrepld woman announced her determination to enter the cave and find the body if it was there. She took two loaded pistols and a torch, with which she proposed to frighten the snakes into their holes. Then she slipped over the edge of the bank and disappeared, waving her torch and firing the pistols in every direction, frightening her unwelcome hosts into their cracks and crevices.

She afterward said the place literally swarmed with snakes, big and little, but her pride at having outdone the men spurred her to the very bottom, where Mrs. Stevens' skeleton lay blackened with snakes. Having frightened them off she picked up an armful of bones—all that was left of Josey's victim—and grooped her way to the surface. With these bones and other evidences of Josey's guilt, Belle went to Fort Smith, procured a writ for his arrest and led the deputy marshals to the murderer's dug-out, where he was arrested. He was hanged at Fort Smith in July, 1884.

Belle boasted that this was the first and

Belle boasted that this was the first and Belle boasted that this was the first and last time she ever aided in bringing an offender to justice, but the hideous strocity of the crime, added to the fact that it occurred near her home and some suspicion was attached to Belle herself, led her to lay aside her hatred for law and order and consign Buily Josey to the gallows.

THE CABIN IN THE WOODS.

From the cave to Belle's cabin the path, such as it is, loses none of its intricacy, and the World correspondent emerged from the brush at the cabin door looking considerably the worse for wear. The hut is made of logs, the crevices plastered with mud and clay and the chimney made of stones similarly plastered. There are two rooms, both containing fireplaces, furniture of very good make, pictures on the walls, and an array of well-thumbed books on a shelf in a corner. The woman, with all her devitry, loved to read, and profited by her early education at Carthage, Mo., to teach her young daughter, Pearl, to read and write. Belle could play the plano with considerable skill, and one of the first things she did on her periodical visits to Fort Smith was to practice on an old plano in her boarding house. There is no other conspicuous feature about this rough home, and there are probably ten in a dozen inhabitants of the Creek Nation who have never seen it at ali.

The two main roads, both within sky miles of the cabin, are famous landmarks which have been traveled by generations. THE CABIN IN THE WOODS

Creek Nation who bave never seen it at all. The two main roads, both within six miles of the cabin, are famous landmarks which have been traveled by generations of Creek Indians on their way to the capital of Ockmuigee, and by itinerant bands of cattlemen en route to the fair land of Oklahoma. The country is immensely productive and fertile, but agricultural pursuits seem to be furthest from the minds of the inhabitants, and a plough is scarcely ever seen. Along the well-beaten road clumps of chapparal bushes crop out in thick profusion, but the mountains coatain the only growth of trees. The road from Eufauia to Sans Bois, in the Choctaw Nation, over which the dead woman rode with her husband the day before she was assassinated, presents no striking feature save the dearth of houses or settlements. One might ride the entire distance, twenty-six miles, without seeing friend or foe.

Over this road Belle Starr has ridden many a time at a pace suggestive of anything but the quiet that surrounds it. Not only this road, but every one leading to and from her neighborhood, has heard the mad pace of her famous chestnut pony, the crack of her tiny Winchester or the guttural oaths from her masculine throat as she whipped in a drove of stolen horses. And not merely along these by-ways is she famous. There is not a settlement, not a cabin, not a town in all this rich country that has not seen her bronzed face and her snapping gray eyes peering out from under her sombrero, with its feather in the band. They have all seen her, many of them to their cost, and they feared the woman as they feared death.

There is a gently sloping hill south of Eufaula, over whose crest Belle Starr has come tearing with her men on a countless number of raids. Foremost among the group, with her famous lvory-stocked pistol in hand and her brazen voice ringing over them all, she frequently tore in and out of town, stealing, shooting and generally terrorizing the inhabitants.

IN TRUE HIGHWAYMAN STYLE. miles of the cabin, are famous landmarks

IN TRUE HIGHWAYMAN STYLE. In a sombre-looking hut on the Ockmul

gee road, not far from Eufaula, lived old Matt Grayson, an aged, miserly Creek In-dian, whose acquaintance with Belle Starr Matt Grayson, an aged, miserly Creek Indian, whose acquaintance with Belle Starr began under auspices as frightful as they were uncongenial. It was on a cold, rainy night in '83, and Graysou had gone to bed, little dreaming that he had fondled his miser's gold for the last time, when, sudden lo, there was a knock at his door, followed by a man's voice asking for shelter. The old fellow made no reply, being evidently badly frightened. In another instant his door was broken down and Belle Starr, dressed as a man, shoved a pair of coaxers into his face, with the startling assurance that the sooner he turned over his lucre the better. Old Grayson, according to Belle's own statement, was paralyzed with fear and could only beckon to the spot in the wall where his money was secreted.

Just how much she took is not known, but Grayson claimed \$32,000, and she was brought before the Indian courts on that charge. Belle shrewdly escaped the United States court at Fort Smith by claiming to be an Indian, and her trial at Ockmulgee resulted in her acquittal, because the court was afraid to harm a hair of her head. Belle's principal accessory in this genormous theft was Ed Reed, whom she had married while on a trip to her father's home in Texas, and by whom she had one in Texas, and by whom sh

bloodthirsty swagger by similarly disporting herself.

After the Grayson robbery they stole some horses and went down into Texas on a spree, but countless officers were awaiting Reed on every hand, and they started back by way of Paris. Here they were decoyed by a party of so-called travellers who, when Reed's back was turned, cruelly shot him down in his tracks and secured upwards of \$2,000 rewards offered by the government and the state of Texas.

Belle returned to Eufaula and in two months married a notorious thief named Sam Starr, from whom she took the well-known name of Belle Starr. While her third husband possessed none of the blood-thirstiness of her second, Belle found him sufficiently villainous to satisfy her rapacity, and the pair lived very happily together. They figured time and again in the federal court at Fort Smith, charged with horse stealing, illegal whisky selling and assault, and upon one occasion they found themselves consigned to the walis of the government penitentiary at Detroit. This was a sad blow to Belle's boasted record of never having spent a day in jail, and the way in which it happened only made her take it more sadiy to heart.

ENTRAPPED BY A VAGABOND CATTLE-

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ENTRAPPED BY A VAGABOND CATTLE-MANA.

There was a vagabond cattleman in Eufauia named West, who, during a drunken brawl, had quarreled with Sam Starr, and the big Indian had used him up very generously. The whipping rankled in West's breast, and he determined to have revenge. Thereupon he rode over to Ockmulgee by might and stole two fine horses belonging to government surveyors. These he hurriedly sold to Belle Starr at a low figure, and the next day she was arrested for horse stealing and hurried with her husband to Fort Smith. In vain she protested that she was an innocent purchaser. West swore he never saw the horses, and Belle, with her Indian husband, served their terms behind the walis at Detroit, where for five years, they were lost to sight. These were very hard years to the robust and restless woman, and she chafed and pined away until she aimost died. Finally, however, the five long dreary years were passed, and Belle, with her tall, grim Indian husband, returned to her Indian hills.

Deputy United States Marshall Hughes, one of the bravest government officers on the frontier, arrested Belle.

They stopped at this city en route long enough to procure horses, and once more in the saddle Belle Starr disappeared over the western hills as free and as reckless as in the old days. Starr swore revenge against the man West, who had entrapped them, and almost the first thing he did when he entered the territory was to make inquiries as to west's whereabouts. The second day after leaving Fort Smith Belle and her husband entered the Choctaw Indian village of Oak Lodge, and the first man they saw was the cattle-trader West himself. Belle, however, did not recognize him, and passed on into a cabin without noticing anything unusual. But Sam had his pistol out in an instant, and hardly had Belle disappeared in the cabin when a shot rang out and West fell to the g

young girl who awaited her.

THE OUTLAW'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER.
Pearl Younger was then blossoming into a beautiful woman, fairer than her mother, but with all the fire and enthusiasm that had given the mother a name. The girl was loved by every one, as much for her bravery and hardihood as for her comely cheek and graceful figure, and her admirers would have swarmed about the cabin had she permitted it. Some one of her lovers, doubtless a handsome refugee from justice who sought refuge in the nation, won the girl's heart and betrayed her.

won the girl's heart and betrayed her.
There was a child born out there
in the lonely cabin, and to-day it
is growing in the footsteps of its
wayward mother. When Belle returned
she lived with her late husband's brother, a
tall, gaunt Indian named Bill July, who tall, gaunt Indian named Bill July, who has figured in the courts on several occasions under the name of Jim Starr. There seems to be nothing particularly ferocious about him, but he has no enviable record as a law-breaker and has served many a sentence for petty crimes committed with his famous wife as accessory. Bill July was in Fort Smith when the news of his wife's death was received. He was sitting in the Phœnix saloon, intently watching a game of poker, when Col. Marcum, his lawyer, walked in with a telegram in his hand.

lawyer, walked in with a telegram in his hand.

"Bill," he said, "Belle has been killed."

The long haired Indian was on his feet like a shot, his hand instinctively on his pistol and blood in his eye.

"Who done it?" he asked, gripping his pistol more firmly.

"I don't know," replied Marcum, "the telegram don't say," and hardly had he finished the remark before the big Indian was in the saddle, having purchased a quart of whiskey on the run. Then he rode off like a shot, his greasy black hair streaming in the wind, with the parting assurance that whoever killed his wife would die when he got home. At Sans Bols, in the Choctaw country, where he had last bade his wife good-bye, the people knew nothing of the

country, where he had last bade his wife good-bye, the people knew nothing of the murder, so Jim hurried on.

MURDERED BY A COWARDLY ASSASSIN.

The spot where Belle was killed is one of the most unfavorable spots along the road for such a deed. There are two houses in plain sight, and a third just over the nill to the south. The ferry is less than half a mile off and the men at work there plainly heard the report of the

work there plainly heard the report of the gin.

Having said good by to her husband, the lone woman had proceeded far along her homeward ride, unmolested and unattended. She had stopped at the Roe cabin for a drink, and had exchanged civilities with some men going in an opposite direction, but there was no other meetings to interrupt the quiet, and no sound was heard save the clatter of the pony's hoofs along the road. Her Winchester rifle—inseparable boon companion—was slung carelessly able boon companion—was slung carelessly began her saddie. She had never feared any one, and in the stillness of that winter's evening, the road deserted, her home almost in sight, what was there to fear

almost in sight, what was there to fear then?
Suddenly there was a rustle in the chaparral, not fifteen feet away, and then a loud report rang out and a load of twenty death-dealing turkey shot lodged in the woman's back and neck. Notwithstanding the awful wounds and the plunging of her thoroughly frightened horse, the dying woman managed to reach back and grasp her Winchester from its scabbard, but it was too late. Just as she laid her hand upon that tiny barrel a second shot rang out and a second load of lead struck her full in the face and neck, killing her instantly. The horse, relieved of its burden, tore wildly down the road to the river, plunged with its empty saddle into the waters of the Ganadian, swam to the opposite shore, and ran to its mountain home with terror in its eye.

The ferrymen, waiting to scull her across, heard the firing, saw the startled animal they knew so well, and suspected something was wrong with Belle Starr. Haif a mile up the road they found the body, quite dead but still warm, covered with blood and dirt, the Winchester grasped tightly in the right hand.

It was a death ill-becoming so brave a

went with him and supplemented his bloodthirsty swagger by similarly disporting herself.

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A BLOOD-STAINED WILDERNESS. As has already been stated, Jim Starr's return home was the signal for the organization of an active searching party, consisting of the dead woman's son and daughter, her husband and several intimate friends. Watson's tracks were plainly found, and his arrest and incarceration in the United States jail followed with commensurate

speed.

Notwithstanding the exposed spot where this famous woman bit the dust, its neighborhood has seen many a life lost, and the ghastly work of the half-crazed Indian. Seaborn Kal-i-jah, less than two years ago, bornood has seen many a life lost, and the ghastly work of the half-crazed Indian. Seaborn Kal-i-jah, less than two years ago, stained the grass not a stone's throw from this very spot. Kal-i-jah had surrendered to Deputy Marshal Phillips (the same who was murdered a year later just over the hill) on a charge of illegal whisky selling. He was a short, dumpy fellow, with sleepy eyes and lazy habits, which impressed one with his utter worthlessness. He was given considerable latitude, and had he cared to escape the officers would probably never have exerted themselves to recapture him. But the yellow-faced Cherokee had the devil's blood in him, and one night while his keepers lay asleep on the ground by the fire the Indian softly arose, took an axe and smashed in the heads of the cook, guard and posse. The murder was committed with no apparent motive, and the demoniacal murderer was soon sentenced to hang for a triple murder. He dropped through the gallows at Fort Smith in October, 1887, protesting his innocence.

The remains of this celebrated woman were tenderly laid at rest on the banks of the turbid Canadian river, near her mountain home. Her final resting place was fittingly chosen in the heart of the wild country which she had selected for her lawless career, and overlooks the beautiful hills and fertile valleys of the Cherokee, the Creek and the Choctaw. Viewed in the light of law and order, there was much in her life to condemn and little to condone, and her bloody end probably saved the neighborhood a few horses and herself a few raids. But there is something—a hidden love of romance in the American breast—which makes this desperate woman's memory cherished and her untimely end regretted here in this barbaric wilderness of crime.

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"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood disease. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time."— E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas. Be sure and ask for

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TO all persons, companies or corporations who have or claim any estate, right or title or interest in or claim to or lien upon any of the several pieces or parcels of land is the list hereto attached, take notice that I will, according to law, offer at public ale, at the office of the treasurer of the county of Lewis and Clarke and the Territory of Montana, on the 11th day of March, 1889, and succeeding days, commencing at the hour of 10 o'clock a m of said day, the following described real estate, situate in said county, on which the taxes for the year 1888 have not been paid, to pay said taxes, int-rest and penalties, to-wit:

Boohm, H. Pittsburgh, Pa, lots 2, 3, b. 7, 1, 2, 7, 8, b. 6, 2, 3, b. 29, 1, 2, b. 28, City

Park.

1 45

Berg, Swan, Helens, lot 6, b. 7, Lockey and

Park
Berg, Swan, Helena, lot 6, b. 7, Lockey and improvements.
Battleford, Chas., Helena, lot 22, b. 45, Northern Pacific Crosby, John S. & Co., Helena, 640 acres no. § s. 3, lots 1, 2, 3, 4 sw. § no. § sti nw § s. 2, nw § s. 18 township 11, r. 4 w. and improvements.

ater reil, Ellen, Heiena, w. 35 ft. of lot 15, b. Bassett, and improvements. ley, W. M., Helena, lot 6, b. A. Blake... en, Wm. L., Helena, lots 11, 12, b. 40, Green, Wm. L., Helena, lots 11, 12, b. 40, Broadwater.

Haskell, Dallas, Helena, lots 17, 18, b. 602, H. and C. and improvements.

Jones, Sarah D. Marysville, lot 11, b. 8, Cruse, and improvements.

Johnson, James W., Helena, lots 9, 10, 11, b. 30, City Park.

Jones, Lillie F., Helena, e. 50 it of lots 7, 8, b. 9, Grand avenue.

Kelly, Mary J., Helena, lot 16 and pt. 15, b. 6, H. T., and improvements.

Ludtke & Rogers, Helena, lots 13 to 15, b. 69, Broadwater.

Lewis, W. C., Helena, lot 5 b. 607, H. and C. and improvements.

Logan, b. M., Helena, lots 29, 21, b. 5, Valley View.

Mass, J. E., Heiens, lot 16, B. H. Blake, and improvements.

Miller, Wm. R., Helens, lot 5, b. 7, Cox...
Martin, Frank, Helens, lot 37, b. 1, Valley View and improvements.

McCauly, Clay, St. Paul, 5, lot 5, 6, b. 22, Northern Pacific.

McIntyre, J. D., lot 18, b. N., Blake, and improvements. nue.

Pilon, Austasie, Helena, lots 1, 2, b. 35, C.

W. C., and improvements.

Rehberg, Hugh, Silver City, 160 acres w. 34,
ne ½ w. ½ se. ½ sec. 14, tp. 12 n., r. 5 w.,
and improvements.

Rosamond, Wm., Helena, lots 5 to 8, b. 2,
Danci. Rosamond, Wm., Helens, lots 5 to 8, b. 2, Depot.
Sunt, Elizebeth, Marysville, lot 38, b. 1,
Cruce, and improvements.
Schultz, C., lot 7, b. 4, Depot.
Peebay, J., Whitehall, M. T., 5 acres in nw. 1, es. 5, sec 20, 10, 3.
Tyler, A. A., Helens, lots 23, 24, b. 41, Broadwater.

'an Dyke, Mary, Helena, lots 8, 9, b. 1, Hewins Hewins.
Wentworth, John, Marysville, n. 1/2 lot 37, b.
1, Cruse, and improvements.
Weler, Mary W., Helens, lots 1, 2, b 18, City

Treasurer Lewis and Clark County, Territory of

(2071.)

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Post Office Department,

WASHINGTON, D. C., Peb. 1, 1898. PROPOSALS will be received at the Contract Office of this Department until 4 p. m of April 10, 1889, for carrying the mails of the United States and according to the schedule of arrival and de partures, specified by the Department, in the Territory of Montana, from July 1 1889, to June 30, 1890. Lists of routes, with schedules of arrivals and departures, instructions to bidders with forms for contracts and boads, and all other necessary information, will be furnished upon application to the Second Assistant Postmaster

> DON M. DICKINSON. Postmaster General.

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Public buildings, churches and dwelling houses
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Scratch work and Embossed Ornamentation,
patented, a specialty.

Dissolution Notice

Notice is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing between Joseph Cuskelly and C. A. Hollenbeck under the firm name and title of Cuskelly & Co., is hereby dissolved by mutual consent, Joseph Cuskelly retiring. The business will be continued by C. A. Hollenbeck and Frack Richards, under the firm name and title of Frank Richards & Co., Richards & Co., assuming all indebtedness and collect all outstanding accounts.

C. A. HOLLENBECK, JOSEPH CUSKELLY, FRANK RICHARDS.

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